Thank you for reading this project by someone returning back to the Self after a long break.

Ownership of your mind is the most important thing in a world that is invested in your numbness and your complacency. Faggots need to own our minds, Black and brown people need to own our minds, disabled people need to own our minds. If you're not ready to fight back against those who punish you for existing, GET yourself ready!!

On accessibility: If you had trouble reading due to the background images, email me (d.khalsa.writes@proton.me) and I will send you a plain pdf.

On finding people who want you to be well:

chicagoaa.org, trans lifeline (877-565-8860), blackline (800-604-5841) – find affinity groups and talk to people (talk to people scared if you have to).

SOMA® ISN'T A METAPHOR

ON INTOXICATION, BODY, AND STRUGGLE

D. Khalsa

***the following pages contain images of different mind-altering substances and paraphernalia as well as allusions to assault**

"You want anything for the pain?"

My legs are in stirrups
They insist on putting
Clean white cloth over me.

And I imagine there's reverence there
Because when the doctor sticks a finger
In without warning,
I have two options:

To believe that I am holy
And sweet humans
At times, we forget grace.

Or to believe that my twig ass
Can be snapped.
Not to trust that torn flesh grows back.

Soul Meets Body

The first time, I quit because I had become more leech than friend. That's just what happens when you have access to drugs before love.

The second time, I quit because I learned: when the world wanted to fracture my being, it wasn't my job to help.

The third time, I quit because I learned: when the world wanted to fracture my being, it wasn't my job to help.

The fourth time, I saw it coming so I prepared myself. I crawled out of my skin and I folded it up. I told myself, you can come back inside,

"whenever you're ready,
whenever you're ready,
whenever you're ready."

A few months later, my eyes swam behind aquarium glass as Sal swayed through the ocean called grief and I realized it doesn't matter if I'm ready.

I need my Skin like I need my Friends like I need my Self.